The Motto thus : *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

*The ſixt Knight.*

*King.* And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie delivered ?

*Thai.* He ſeemes to be a ſtranger : but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

*King.* A pretty morrall ; from thē dejected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better than his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his juſt commend : For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to have practiſed more the Whipſtocke, than the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

*King.* Opinion's but a foole, that makes us ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

*Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.*

*Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.*

*King.* Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes ;
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes and my gueſts.

*Thai.* But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I give,
And crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

*Per.* Tis more by fortune (Lady) than by merit.

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that envies it :





In framing an Artiſt, Art hath
To make ſome good, but other
And you her laboured ſcholler
For (daughter) ſo you are, her
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerv

*Knights.* We are honoured

*King.* Your preſence glads o
For who hates honour, hates t

*Marſh.* Sir, yonder is your

*Per.* Some other is more fi

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, f
That neither in our hearts, nor
Envie the great, nor doe the lo
You are right courteous Knig

*King.* Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Iove* (I wonder) that is Kin
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not th

*Thai.* By *Iuno* ( that is Quēen
All Viands that I eate doe ſeem
Wiſhing him my meate : ſure

*King.* Hee's but a country ge
Than other Knights have done,
Or ſo : let it paſſe.

*Thai.* To me he ſeemes Diam

*Per.* Yon King's to me, like t
Which tels me in that glory onc
And Princes ſat like ſtars about
And he the Sunne, for thēm to
None that beheld him, but like
Did vaile their Crownes to his
Where now his ſunne like a Gl
The which hath fire in darkneſſe
Whereby I ſee that time's the K
For hee's their Parents, and he
And gives them what he will,

*King.* What, are you merry K

*Knights.* Who can be other in

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA